

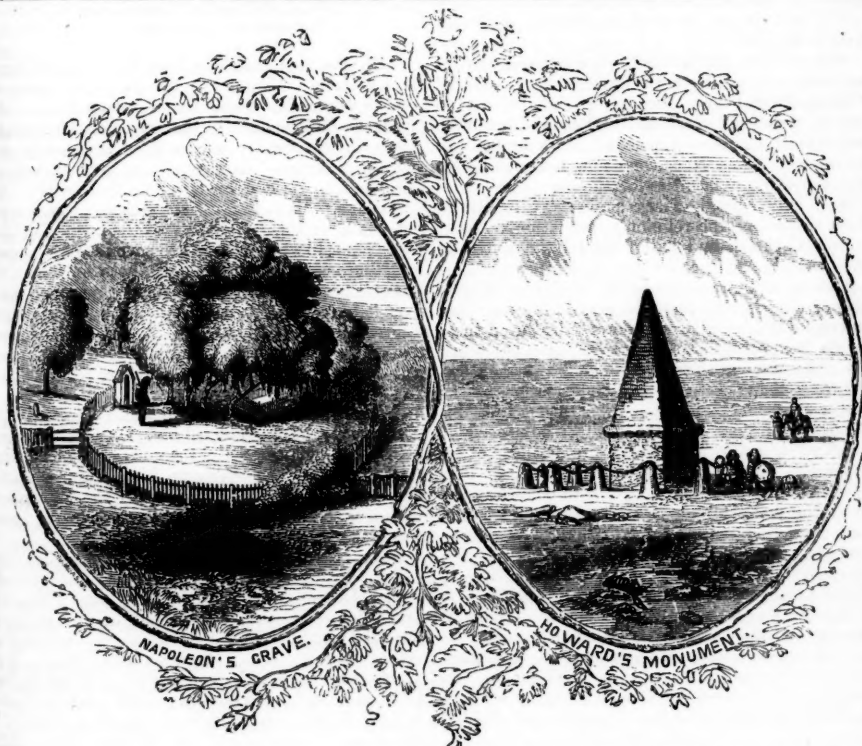
# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF  
INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 16.]

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1852.

{ PRICE 1d.  
STAMPED 2d.



## DEATH IN EXILE.

WHEN death and exile are united, they form one of the saddest ills that can befall man. The spirit of the eastern benediction, "May you die among your kindred," lies deep in every human heart. There are, also, "strong mysterious links" that bind us to the land of our birth and our cradle songs: there would each of us wish to die—

"And rest our parting gaze  
On the loved familiar faces  
Of our young and happy days."

In all time, however, men have gone forth into

foreign lands—some perforce, others from duty, few indeed from inclination—there to die. From the records of the past, we choose two instances of "Death in exile."

It is an evening in the month of May, but there is no gentle breeze, no spring-like balm. The storm raves wildly over an island in the southern Atlantic, snatching the tree from the soil, and the roof from the dwelling, whilst the waves besiege the impenetrable walls of basalt,\* and the mingled winds and

\* The rocks of St. Helena, which are chiefly of basalt, form an immense perpendicular wall from 600 to 1200 feet in height.

waters boom like the cannons of a foe. A stormy night for the passing away of a stormy spirit. There, on a lowly death-bed, lies an exile. The eagle eyes are dim, though even now the bystanders dread their gleam.\* The brow that was once bound with the iron crown of Charlemagne is damp and furrowed. The hand that waved his marshals to victory is cold and nerveless. It is Napoleon—the world's conqueror—the wonder of his time; but neither gauntlet nor glaive can quell a mightier conqueror than he. Little recked the hero in his prime, of pain, or sorrow, or death they came at his bidding, for he had the gift of power, but now they have come upon him unbidden. Rich gifts were his; a lofty intellect, a matchless valour, a kingly brow and glance, a power of gathering all hearts unto himself. What will they do in this hour of even-tide? Are they friends or foes?

We are not left without glimpses into the inner man—voices from the failing heart. Hark! "Everything I love, everything that belongs to me, is stricken; Heaven and mankind unite to afflict me." Oh, poor Napoleon! Hark again: "In those days I was Napoleon; now I am nothing; my strength, my faculties forsake me; I no longer live, I only exist." Hark again: "I believe in God, and am of the religion of my fathers. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of that church, and receive the assistance which she administers." Alas! Napoleon, a religion of birth and of church will hardly smooth the dying bed, and make it like "downy pillows." But even these voices become stifled and inarticulate: the mind is overthrown, and as the last hour draws near, and the tempest rages louder and louder, visions of the past are wrapt around his soul. Dreams he of his Corsican home, and the stately lady† who nursed his infancy? and the little grotto and the love of his boyhood?‡ or of his adopted land, and the wifely love there lavished upon him, only to be cast aside? or of the consort, and the child of his later years, torn from him as if in retribution? Stands he again in the royal sarcophagi of Egypt, while the air quivers forth the indelible§ words, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet?"|| Or is he again speeding over the snowy steppes of Russia, his way crimsoned with wasted blood? Or are his visions of slain Mamelukes, and massacred Turks of Jaffa, or brave men strangled in the dungeon and shot at the dead of night? Or does he once more lead forth his eagled legions at Lodi

and Arcola? Ay! he is dreaming of battles; hear his last words, "*Tête d'armée*,"\* and the spirit goes forth to the reckoning—the exile to his solemn and eternal home!

It is a January day in Russian Tartary. The Dneiper rolls sullenly along, and the snowy morasses around frown sickness and despondency upon the fever-stricken inhabitants of Cherson. All nature is cold and dark and dreary. Here, however, is a homely chamber, and within it there is a death-bed, surrounded by light and warmth—the light and warmth of grace! One lies there who also may be called an emperor, a conqueror!

"Thine was an empire o'er distress,  
Thy triumph—of the mind,  
To burst the bonds of wretchedness,  
The friend of human kind."

He, also, is an exile; at least his pleasant home is far away. England, with its green pastures and lovely lands, he will never see again; nor the friends who love him so tenderly, nor the resting-place of his dead; but he does not heed—and why? "Russia," he says, "is as near heaven as England." It is John Howard, the friend of the friendless. He is in Russia, not to plant an ensign on the Kremlin, but to lift up the banner of the Lord; not to waste life, but to save it; not to send souls into eternity, but to tend those for whom no man has cared—neither judge nor prelate, king nor kaiser. John Howard had been a prisoner himself, and therefore, like his great Exemplar, he knew the sufferings, and understood the tears of the oppressed, who had no comforter, for "he had felt the same."

There was another sense in which Howard was a conqueror. He conquered self. Delicately reared, sensitively refined, delighting in retirement, the contest in which he overcame his natural dispositions, and thus forced himself into the loathsome dungeon, the noisy cell, the depraved company, was a nobler field than the "sunny Austerlitz."

How calmly and joyfully death approaches the exile! He is longing for his quiet and eternal home; but not because of the many who will arise and call him blessed; not because he will so soon hear the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." No. "My hope is in Christ. My desire is to be washed, cleansed, and justified in the blood of Christ. Oh God, my heart is fixed, trusting in thee. My God!—oh glorious words!" Bright sunbeams indeed for the land of the dark shadow; precious words to leave behind, as

"Footprints that perchance another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again."

On the 18th of January, 1790, the brave hero of the cross was permitted to wear the crown; an arrow from the string which he had so often retarded was commissioned to speed him home.† "Death has no terrors for me." "Place a sundial on my grave, and let me be forgotten. The sun-dial, however, was not reared; but a plain

\* "Even had he been speechless," said his attendants, "we could not have brooked his eye."—*Life of Napoleon, in the Family Library.*

† "No crown'd one she, tho' in the pale and venerable grace  
Of her worn cheek, and lofty brow, might observation trace.

"And in her dark eyes' flash, a fire and energy to give

"Life unto sons, whose sceptre-words should conquer all that live."

*Madame Letitia Bonaparte, by B. SIMMONS.*

‡ A summer-house amidst the sea-side rocks, about a mile from Ajaccio, was Napoleon's favourite retreat as a boy, and is still called "Napoleon's Grotto." A pretty little girl named Gliscominette was his youthful love.

§ "The air is one vast library; in whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said, or woman whispered."—BARRAGE.

|| "Napoleon himself visited the interior of the Great Pyramid, and on entering the secret chamber, in which 3000 years before some Pharaoh had been inurned, repeated once more his confession of faith, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.'"—*Life*, vol. i. p. 124.

\* "Head of the army."—See *Life*, vol. ii. p. 374.

† The cause of his decease was a fever caught in the discharge of his humane duties.

monumental obelisk was erected to commemorate the event.

"Howard, thy task is done! thy Master calls,  
And summons thee from Cherson's distant walls.  
Come, well approved! my faithful servant, come!  
No more a wanderer, seek thy destined home.

My minister of good, I've sped thy way,  
And shot through dungeon glooms a lightsome ray,  
To cheer, by thee, with kind unhop'd relief,  
My creatures lost and whelmed in guilt and grief.  
I've led thee, ardent, on thro' wondering climes  
To combat human woes and human crimes;  
But 'tis enough! thy great commission's o'er,  
I prove thy faith, thy love, thy zeal no more.  
Nor droop, that far from country, kindred, friends,  
Thy life to duty long devoted, ends;  
What boots it where the high reward is given,  
Or whence the soul triumphant springs to heaven."

### A CHAPTER ON COMETS.

COMETS have been, in all ages, regarded with intense interest, both by the peasant and the philosopher. Their sudden and singular appearance, their great magnitude and velocity, and the usual appendage of a stream, or, as it has been commonly called, a tail, projected from the side furthest from the sun, have rendered them objects of the highest curiosity. The term *tail*, however, is by no means happy, as, in receding from the sun, the tail goes before and not behind the body of the comet. This appendage presents somewhat the appearance of hair; hence the name comet, derived from the Latin word *coma*—"a lock of hair." These bodies in their motion are not confined to the zone in which the planets move, but come from remote regions of space. The curves or orbits which they describe are also very eccentric; that is, greatly deviating from a circle. In this respect they are distinguished from planets. The orbit of Mercury, for instance, has a considerable eccentricity, his least distance, compared with his greatest, being as about 2 to 3; whereas these elements in the orbits of some comets are more than a 1000 to 1.

The sun is found to be at the focus of their orbits, and his gravitation is the centripetal force concerned in the description of their tracks. From him they derive their light, which is reflected to us from their whole volume; but their texture seems not sufficiently compact to present the varying phases, as in the moon and several of the planets. It is not improbable, however, that the material of a comet, in a very near approach to the sun, may for the time become self-luminous; for it is evident, from the extraordinary and rapid changes which then take place, that some extremely powerful excitation is produced by the proximity of that luminary, not unlikely of an electrical nature, and sufficient to induce a phosphorescent property in the highly attenuated substance of the nebulous appendage of the comet. Several of these bodies are entirely devoid of streams or tails, presenting merely a round or oval figure, resembling a mass of vapour or mist. After the most careful examination with the best telescopes, it seems doubtful whether even the nucleus, or the body of the comet itself, ever consists of

matter in a solid state. Some are quite transparent, so that the smallest stars can be seen through the most dense part of them. Hence, from their great thinness, these curious bodies seldom shine with anything like the brightness of the planets; though, in this respect, there is the greatest diversity among them, which we must attribute to differences in their densities, or, perhaps, in the original constitution of their physical elements, as adapted for the absorption or reflection of light. Their light usually resembles loose, faintly-illuminated vapour, but several have exhibited tints of faint red, some of blue, and others of a bright gold colour. It is only during their passage in the lower parts of their orbits that they become visible to us; at about five or six times our distance from the sun, they are lost through the feebleness of their light. Hence only large and bright comets remain visible for any considerable time.

There is a vast difference, we may observe, in the velocity of different comets. The great comet of 1680, and that of 1843, are remarkable instances of this; the velocity of the latter at the perihelion (the point of the orbit nearest to the sun) was 366 miles in one second of time. Both these comets approached nearer to the sun than any others that have been computed. That of 1680 passed round the sun at a distance from his surface of one-third of his radius, or about 147,000 miles, while that of 1843 was at one time only one-seventh of his radius, or about 63,000 miles distant from the luminous surface of that glorious and wonderful body. To what an enormous heat must these comets have been exposed—a heat that would have melted, and perhaps rendered gaseous, all our earths, rocks, and metals. From their amazing velocity, their distance from the sun would very rapidly increase, but still the heating influence of the latter would be prodigious. It has been computed that the intensity of heat upon the comet of 1843 must have been 47,000 times greater than what we experience at above 3000 times the distance of that body from the sun. If we regard this as wholly free thermometric heat, it is to us inconceivable that the comet was not utterly destroyed by the actual dissipation of its substance in space.

The dilatation which comets undergo from the influence of the sun, and the rapidity with which it takes place, is astonishing. The comet of 1680 threw off a streamer or tail, on the side turned from the sun, of 60 millions of miles in length, and this in the space of 48 hours. Its direction would suggest that some powerful repellent force must have been exerted upon it by the sun. It subsequently attained to a length of 123 millions of miles. One that appeared in 1769 had a stream of 48 millions of miles; and the beautiful comet of 1811, visible for several months, was accompanied by one, divided into two branches, that extended over 108 millions of miles. In this comet, as is generally observed, the streamer was separated by an invisible atmosphere from the head, which was about 540,000 miles in diameter.

It is difficult to imagine that the matter of the tails, projected to so great a distance, could ever be all again collected by the attraction of the nucleus, or main body of the comet. This may partly



account for the observed decrease of this appendage at the successive visits of the same comet. The material thus left in the neighbourhood of the sun, may also, by the agency of his powerful attraction, have contributed to the formation of that nebulous medium or atmosphere surrounding him, called the zodiacal light, which very much resembles the matter of a comet's tail. While some comets are entirely without this appendage, others have been seen with several, as the comet of 1823, which had two tails. They were of unequal magnitude and brightness; the larger and brighter one turned from the sun, the smaller nearly towards it. Another, seen in 1744, had no less than six streams about  $30^\circ$  long, spread out over a very considerable angle. Except in small comets, we may add, the tails are seldom straight.

It is a comparatively modern discovery that these bodies, erratic as they appear, are in their motions subject to the same kind of forces which regulate planetary motion. It is, for instance, capable of demonstration from the laws of gravity, that a body projected at a given distance from the sun with any amount of velocity, unless thrown directly toward the centre, must, in scientific language, describe a curve. In order, too, that it may revolve permanently, it must describe either a circle, or that oval figure called an ellipse. After the most careful observations of the great comet of 1680, made by Newton and Dr. Halley, an elliptical orbit was computed and laid down to represent its observed motion, and this orbit was rigorously maintained throughout its visible course.

The first actual prediction of a comet's return to the sun was made by Dr. Halley, and his attempt, apparently so daring and hazardous, was crowned with success. Having observed and computed the elements of a splendid comet that appeared in 1682, with a tail  $50^\circ$  in length, he remarked a striking coincidence between its elements and those of two large comets recorded in the years 1607 and 1531, and he conceived they might be three distinct visits of one and the same comet. Now between these dates there were respectively intervals of 76 and 75 years: adding, therefore, 77 years to the period when he himself observed it, he ventured to predict its next return in 1759. He had the sagacity to perceive that its motion would be affected by the attractions of the planets, and that the differences in the periods of its return, as given above, might be thus accounted for. Halley did not live to see his predictions fulfilled, but the high probability of a successful result encouraged the astronomers and mathematicians of that period to investigate most minutely all the effects due to planetary disturbance on the orbit of the comet; and it was finally concluded that it would come to the perihelion in the middle of April, 1759. It did so on the 12TH OF MARCH IN THAT YEAR. 618 days had been allowed for the influence of the attraction of the various planets in delaying the arrival of the expected stranger; 100 being due to Saturn, and 518 to Jupiter. The calculation of the astronomers, imperfect as it was, was a near approach to accuracy, and was a glorious triumph of the intellect over sense. The path of the comet had to be computed from day to day; it was exposed, too, to disturbing influences, varying in intensity and direction, while

for nearly 77 years it was invisible. This noble achievement was effected by the spiritual intellect of man, in reliance on the certainty of those laws by which it has pleased the Creator to govern the world of matter, and which, by scrutiny and thought, it has also been his will that man should discover. In this instance the astronomer's patient and laudable inquiry met with an ample and rich reward. The next return of Halley's comet was predicted for 1835; and after all the elements of disturbance had been re-computed with the most rigorous and indefatigable care, its passage through the perihelion, after the absence of 76 years, was foretold within ten days of its actual occurrence. Had certain discoveries since made by Professor Airy been known at the time, the prediction would have been fulfilled to the very day. The appearances of this comet at its several visits have been considerably different, but its identity has been accurately verified. Its next return may be expected in 1911.

The period of the arrival of some other comets is now ascertained with a precision equal to that of the planets. One, known by the name of Encke, revolves round the sun in the short period of 1211 days, or about  $3\frac{1}{4}$  years. It has no tail, but presents a very indefinite nucleus at that end of its oval figure next the sun. Another comet, revolving in 2410 days, or about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  years, is named after the astronomer Biela. It has a very small tail, and, even when brightest, is barely visible to the naked eye. It obliquely crosses the orbit of our planet twice in its revolution, and if at that moment the earth were at the same point of its annual orbit, it would become a most conspicuous and brilliant object, and we should have to plunge through a portion of the nebulous matter of the comet. On account of the great rarity of this body, it would afford, perhaps, no appreciable resistance to our solid globe; so that there would, perhaps, be little or no mischief from the collision. As the motion of the two bodies, however, would be in different directions, great and destructive hurricanes might be produced in our atmosphere; nor do we know that cometary matter would prove salubrious to human lungs. However, some millions of years must pass before this merely possible *rencontre* can happen; in which prodigious interval the very thin matter of this comet may become dissipated in space, or absorbed into the sun, while our own globe may have reached its final consummation. At this comet's last visit in 1846, it was clearly seen to separate into two distinct bodies, and the fragment was readily observed as a smaller comet. Their apparent distance asunder continually increased, and at its maximum was about one-third the apparent diameter of our moon. Both had tails, and the offspring in all respects bore resemblance to the parent. They were traced for nearly three months, moving parallel with each other. It is probable that the lapse of a few years will make us acquainted with two or three more periodic comets.

We have already shown that Biela's comet is the only one from which a collision could reasonably be apprehended. We shall now prove how insignificant is the quantity of matter even of a large comet. In 1770, one of these bodies suddenly surprised the philosophic world. Its magni-

tude and extent at one time were such, that while the nucleus was on the horizon, its tail reached the zenith. It appears that we are indebted to the great mass of Jupiter for its appearance at all; and, what is also curious, that we owe it to the same cause that we have never seen it since! Mons. Lexell, who carefully observed and computed its elements, believed it to move in, what is termed by mathematicians, an eccentric ellipse, in the period of about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  years; and as other observers and computers justified his conclusion, the question was naturally asked—Why had it not been frequently seen at its previous approaches to the sun? As this could not be answered, and as the severest examinations of the computations cast no doubt on their correctness, astronomers were content to wait till 1776 for its expected approach. From its relative position to the earth and sun, however, at that time, it was foreseen that it must then elude observation. It has never since been seen.

As these facts seemed to throw a suspicion over the best deductions of the talented mathematicians of that day, the curious problem was made the subject of a prize essay by the French Academy of Sciences. By taking into account the position of Jupiter in 1767, antecedent to the comet's appearance, and subsequently in 1779 (assuming the period of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  years), it was found that in 1767 it came within nine million miles of Jupiter, and thus a change was produced in its original solar orbit, in which new orbit it could never have been observed from the earth. Its previous non-appearance seemed thus accounted for. In the month of August, 1779, it again came so near to Jupiter as to pass between his third and fourth satellites; it was at this time only about one million of miles distant from him, being one-fifth nearer than his fourth moon. The attraction of the planet was now greater upon the comet than the solar attraction, in the high proportion of 200 to 1! With such a force disturbing that of the sun, the comet was thrown again into a new path, which, after it had quitted the neighbourhood of Jupiter, would carry it away for ever beyond the range of our vision, unless some further extraneous power should again alter its track. So small was the mass of this great comet, that the motions of the small bodies forming Jupiter's satellites were not in the least degree deranged. Had the velocity of the comet been considerably less, it might have been detained by Jupiter as a member among his moons. On the 1st of July, 1770, the comet's distance from the earth was only about seven times that of our moon, and yet not the least influence was observed on the tides, nor any disturbance of our atmosphere; while its period was lengthened above two days by the attraction of the earth.

Comets are very numerous; many hundreds have been observed, and we cannot doubt that more have escaped observation from being buried in the sun's rays, from being above the horizon only by daylight, or from being too small and faint to be seen without telescopes. A few have been sufficiently bright to be visible to the naked eye in broad daylight, and some when only a few degrees from the sun. In the year 43 B.C., in 1402, 1532, and 1843, such comets appeared.

Perhaps the mass of a large comet, formidable as

it may appear, does not exceed a few pounds weight, hence the impossibility of its producing any appreciable disturbance in our system. This shows the folly of those fears that have been entertained on this subject. Whiston believed that the great comet of 1680 caused the deluge in the time of Noah, and that the same body would eventually destroy our world by fire. Being altogether ignorant of the physical constitution of comets, his fancy thus attributed the most opposite effects to one and the same cause. A large comet that passes very near to the sun would certainly carry along with it a large quantity of heat; but we know, from the contraction of its volume as it recedes, that this heat must be soon dissipated in space.

Like all the other productions of their adorable Creator, comets are doubtless intended to serve some beneficial purpose in the great structure of the universe. The contrary supposition seems a perverse and absurd conclusion, for what mischief or evil has ever been produced by one of these bodies? By the ignorant and superstitious, it is true, they have been regarded as portents of disaster, calamity, and devastation; but not the slightest grounds exist for such a conclusion. In the popedom of Calixtus III, while the Turks were at war with the papal powers, Halley's comet suddenly appeared with an extensive tail, and as it had a considerable curvature, which to the terrified imaginations of the ecclesiastics of that period gave it a resemblance to the scimitar of their enemies, it was denounced from the Vatican, by an anathema which consigned it and the Turks to the same awful destiny. Great indulgences were promised to those who would daily repeat their paternosters and ave-Marias for this desirable end; and a bell was tolled at noon to convoke the faithful for this holy purpose. This is not the only time that the Romish church has fostered error.

Comets, too, have with equal absurdity been supposed to predict the birth or the death of kings, and the overthrow of dynasties! The great one that appeared in the year 43 B.C., shortly after the murder of Cæsar (just too late as an omen of that event), was represented as the apotheosis of the emperor, or the ghost of that hero, assuming his place among the divinities. When Cardinal Mazarine was on his death-bed, on being told that a comet was visible, he remarked, with satisfaction, that it had paid him respect by its visit.

Their sudden appearance in the heavens, and the imposing and astonishing aspect which they present, have, even in recent times, inspired alarm and terror. One, however—the splendid comet of 1811—escaped somewhat of the general odium; for as it was supposed to be an agent concerned in the remarkably beautiful autumn of that year, and was also associated with the abundant and superior yield of the continental vineyards, the wine of that season was called the *comet wine*.

But this was too lenient a concession; and the daring innovation was repudiated by a medical writer of our metropolis, who found that this comet had been the cause of some peculiar diseases and misfortunes that happened in London, and he particularly traced its influence in producing an epidemic sickness prevailing among the cats in

Westphalia! Alas, in our erring and disordered world, we can always find a calamity to suit a comet, though we may not always find a comet to suit a calamity.

There can be no doubt that relics of the absurdities of astrology have contributed to the errors on the subject of comets which still linger in some minds. But what influence can mere huge masses of planetary matter, rolling with amazing velocity, and millions of miles distant from us, have upon the actions and conduct of free, intelligent, responsible agents? Reason and common sense smile at such an absurdity. To imagine that our world of land and water, of rocks and metals, as it sweeps along through space at 68 thousands of miles per hour, guides or controls, by its mere mechanical operations, the thoughts and feelings, motives or destinies, of the inhabitants of other worlds (if they be inhabited), is a proposition which only requires to be entertained for a moment to be immediately discarded. Yet such was the ridiculous hypothesis in relation to comets which our forefathers could gravely propound, and which is not yet finally abandoned in regions where "the schoolmaster" has not been "abroad."

#### THE COLD-WATER DOCTOR.

VINCENT PRIESSNITZ, the well-known founder of the cold-water establishment at Gräffenberg, died on the 26th of last November. Whatever may be the real value of hydropathy as an alterative and remedial agent, it is certain that during the last ten years upwards of 4000 sufferers, from every country in Europe, have flocked annually to seek relief under the chilly roof and from the lenten fare of the wild fastness of Undine.\* Taking the average of one year with another, it is stated, on excellent authority, that Priessnitz, during his career, has treated *forty-seven thousand* patients, many of them of high rank, and amassed property to the amount of *ten million francs*. Truly, if diamonds may be blown into charcoal, the philosopher's stone may be dissolved into cold water!

The early portion of the life of Priessnitz gave no promise of the eminence to which he afterwards attained. Born in the year 1799, the son of a peasant cultivating a small farm amid the mountains of Austrian Silesia, his youth was passed in working in the fields and tending cattle. In this half-savage region, the superstitious and traditional practice of medicine consisted, for the most part, in the mysterious application of the waters of certain springs. Cold water and repose were constantly found perfectly efficacious remedies when applied to beasts of burden, to say nothing of the cabalistical words which accompanied them. Priessnitz became an expert adept in this simple species of veterinary art; although, to do him justice, he neglected the witchcraft part of the business. After a time he set up a small wayside inn, resorted to by the

inhabitants and all chance travellers; and in this position his keen intellect and strong powers of observation soon enabled him to play the part of Sir Oracle to much advantage.

When about twenty-six years of age, he met with an accident which nearly cost him his life. He was thrown down by a wagon, and the wheel passing over him, broke two of his ribs, the fragments of the bone, as the country surgeons declared, being forcibly pressed against the corresponding side of the arch. The case was pronounced incurable; Priessnitz was left either to die, or continue an invalid during the remnant of his life. Not relishing either alternative, our hero bethought himself of a plan. He dilated the thorax by a strong inhalation, and a stout bandage was speedily applied, before the necessity came for breathing out. Then, keeping the glottis closed, he imitated, with all his force, the movement of a man trying to suppress a violent fit of laughter. The desired effect followed—the ribs were restored to their natural position.

This signal cure set the active brain of Priessnitz to work, and on his recovery he began to treat, and with great success, toothaches, sprains, burns, and even fractured limbs. Giving up his inn, he commenced his career as an itinerant physician; his whole materia medica, besides cold water, consisting of bandages and sponges. His success, while thus travelling through the villages of Austria and Prussia, soon became matter of notoriety, and some regular physicians instituted legal proceedings against Priessnitz as an unlicensed practitioner. For a time they succeeded in hunting him from place to place; but they little knew the man with whom they had to deal: the success, real or apparent, of his practice in each new place that he visited, very literally "threw cold water" on his persecutors' efforts; and, as a last resource, they denounced the hydropathist as an impostor. They affirmed that (after the fashion of the German kelpies) he used water only as a cloak, and that his real remedies consisted in powerful medicines dissolved in the water and pervading the sponges. Priessnitz replied to this accusation by an indignant defiance, and a demand for a public investigation. This could not be decently refused; the water was analyzed, the sponges dissected, and both pronounced perfectly pure. His angry opponents, sorely worsted, retired from the field, and Priessnitz obtained from the Austrian government a legal recognition of his hydropathic practice.

Ere long he set up his establishment at Gräffenberg, where, truth to tell, both he and his patients indulged themselves in scornful vituperation of every medical system save his own.

Very different indeed was the mode of life pursued by the patients from that practised at fashionable spas. Nothing at Gräffenberg was for pleasure, everything for austere health; and Priessnitz reigned the despotic enforcer of severe sumptuary laws.

He possessed a prodigious memory; amongst five hundred patients, all under his care at the same time, he was able in one moment to recollect the precise symptoms and diverse treatment of each individual case. Haughty, selfish, and sordid, to the last degree, Priessnitz seemed not to love or confide in any. Even when surrounded by his

\* The exact numbers are as follows:—

From the commencement to the end of 1843	8,414
" " " 1843	2,340
" " " 1844	2,720
" " " 1845	3,400
" " " 1846	5,000
And from 1846 to the end, 5000 appears to be the minimum annual number.	



numerous family, he never unbent into tenderness. As to his patients, they obtained manifestations of favour, and the privilege of often speaking to him, by presenting him with rich and frequent presents. By this means, also, a considerable amelioration of the fare, within the prescribed limits, might be obtained.

But should any of Priessnitz's patients be so unfortunate as to wound his vanity, it would be in vain for them to shower at his feet the riches of California. A personage of very high rank—so high that I cannot venture to name him—went some time since to Græffenberg. Not relishing the hard bed and ascetic board of the establishment, he gave utterance to some free and cutting witticisms at the expense of its master. Priessnitz instantly ordered him to leave. In vain did the delinquent apologize. He was not only dismissed from the house, but practically expelled from the country; Priessnitz having declared that he would not prescribe for the inhabitants of any dwelling that received M. de — within its walls.

The fear of rivals always troubled him. He never wrote any treatise on his system; he was probably incapable of such a literary effort; nor did he appoint or instruct a successor. It is probable, however, that the great natural advantages of Græffenberg as a sanitary asylum will ensure its continuance. His latter years were considerably embittered by the erection of a rival establishment in his immediate neighbourhood. Its owner was a Doctor Shroot, who fed his patients highly, and gave them wine. Strange to say, Shroot cured several cases in which hydropathy had failed. Priessnitz, however, never tried his hand on his rival's failures. To have once sojourned within the interdicted walls was considered a sufficient cause of exclusion from Græffenberg.

Priessnitz sometimes made mistakes, a few of them notable ones; and yet, considering his want of education, ignorance of all the recognised systems of medicine, and the number and variety of his patients, it is surprising—we are told, of course, by the supporters of his system—that he made so few.

The influence of Priessnitz extended so completely over the district, that he was able to establish a complete monopoly in the sale of the sheets, towels, etc., used by the patients; no one, save himself, ventured to sell them, and he made a great profit by their sale. In his person, Priessnitz was thin and dry-looking; during his latter years he was often an invalid. He died at the age of fifty-two years.

### IS YOUR LIFE INSURED?

ONE of the most remarkable instances of the benefits which may be secured by the principle of co-operation, when directed to the attainment of proper objects, and developed under the guidance of sound maxims, is furnished by the success of insurance societies, especially as realized in our own country. The subject of insurance, though much more popular than formerly, is yet far from being sufficiently understood and appreciated among the community, more especially the operative portion of it; and we propose giving in the present paper

a brief view of its history, nature, actual position, and economical importance.

A large source of the failures which often attend the enterprises of man, is found in those events which, because they lie beyond the reach of human control, are styled contingent. An individual may act as prudently as possible, he may work day and night with an industry which knows no rest, and yet be irretrievably ruined by a single accident. A fire at home, or a storm at sea, may destroy the fruits of many years' toil, and leave him penniless. The magnitude of such a calamity, and the uncertainty which its probable occurrence threw around every undertaking, would naturally rouse at a very early period the ingenuity of a mercantile people, and various plans would be set on foot in order to cover the contingency. Accordingly, we find the principle of insurance acted upon very early in the history of modern Europe. It is one of the numerous offspring of the commercial spirit which characterized the middle ages. No thorough instance of insurance can be pointed out in ancient times. It is true, government sometimes came forward to guarantee from loss an individual who ventured his property in the service of the public, but this was a political, not a commercial transaction; it did not rest on a simple calculation of profit and loss. It is a matter of dispute what country has the honour of first applying the principle to the chances of commerce, but in all probability it belongs to Spain. An ordinance relating to insurance was issued by the magistrates of Barcelona so early as 1435, but by the commencement of the next century it had spread to Italy, the Netherlands, and Britain. Several articles on the subject, which are still employed on the Exchange at Leghorn, date as far back as 1523, and orders of a similar kind are in existence which were issued by Charles V. to the merchants of Antwerp. Insurance is mentioned in a statute of queen Elizabeth as having been then of immemorial usage, so that we may fairly fix its introduction into this country at the beginning of the 16th century, if not earlier. Thus far the principle had been applied exclusively to marine losses; but about a century and a half ago, its application was extended so as to embrace accidents by fire, and its results under this form have been very extensively beneficial. A very large proportion of the consumable property of Great Britain is insured; the whole amounting, besides farming stock, to the value of 563,668,571*l*. A still more useful extension of the principle was made about the beginning of the last century. By a charter obtained from queen Anne, the Amicable Life Insurance Company was established in London, for the purpose of securing, in consideration of certain stipulated premiums, a sum of money to the relations of the parties insured in the event of their death. The example thus set has been extensively imitated; and fresh societies, with new, and in many cases improved, claims, are continually starting into existence. Nearly sixty offices are opened in the metropolis for the trans-action of life-insurance business alone; and the whole number of lives insured throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, the British colonies, and the entire continent of Europe, is stated at 250,000.

The foundation on which all insurance societies rest is calculation applied to experience. Let us

recur to the occasion which first led to their establishment—the losses which happen at sea. These were much more frequent three centuries ago than at the present time, when voyages are much quicker, and crews are provided with all the aids of recent science. Suppose that a merchant had wished to insure a vessel laden with a rich cargo. The first point would be to ascertain the amount of actual risk, in order to fix the sum which it would be fair for him to pay to the party, whether an association or a single individual, who might think proper to give him the required security. This would be at once ascertained if it were known what proportion of vessels, sailing under similar conditions, actually suffered shipwreck. Suppose this proportion had been fixed, by repeated observation, at one in sixty; the chances then that any particular vessel would meet with a fatal disaster would be as one to sixty, and the proper amount of premium to be paid would be just one-sixtieth part of its value; excluding, of course, the additional sum which would be required to remunerate the insurer for his trouble.

A similar course must be taken in order to ascertain what is equitable for a person, who wishes to insure his life in a certain amount, to pay in the shape of premium. Life insurance may be effected either by the payment of a single sum, or that of smaller sums annually. In both cases, the first thing requisite is to ascertain the average age which is reached by individuals in the same state of life as the one desirous of being insured. Supposing this to be fixed at forty-five, that the sum for which the person is desirous of being assured is 100*l.*, and his present age twenty-five, the premium he would have to pay is just that which, if put out at a certain rate of compound interest, would in twenty years amount to 100*l.*, together with what would be required for profits. The more usual method is, however, to pay smaller sums annually. In this case, the amount of each annual payment must be such that the sum of all for twenty years, calculated at compound interest, would produce 100*l.*, the policy required.

In order to secure the stability of any association established for the purpose of insurance, it is of the first necessity that the facts which it assumes should be correct. If, for instance, the proportion of casualties at sea, which is adopted in framing its scale of charges, should be less than the real average, it will, in all probability, be soon overwhelmed with very severe losses. If the number of vessels lost amounts to one in forty, instead of one in sixty, the calculation on which it is based will be wrong to the extent of one-third. By assuming a proportion higher than the real average, a similar wrong would be perpetrated upon the assured. In order to escape both evils, it is requisite to make our observations wide enough. Here statistics appear pre-eminently as a branch of the inductive sciences. To establish any scientific truth, it is well known that we must interrogate nature by examining facts; and those principles are the best proved which have been gathered from an observation of the greatest number. If we draw our conclusions from single facts, or from a very few, or even from many in the same circumstances, we might overturn some of the best-established truths in the range of experience. If we confined our attention, for example, to the

phenomena of the torrid zone, we might easily prove that water is incapable of being congealed, and it would be only by examining a greater number and variety of instances that we should discover our error. If, during the past year, a single house had been destroyed by fire in a town containing a thousand houses, it would be premature to conclude that fires happened in the proportion of one a year, or that one in every thousand would represent the amount of risk which an insurer would incur. But if the same were found to hold good during a course of fifty years, there would be sufficient reason for assuming it as the proper ratio. By watching a thousand lives we might come to the conclusion that one individual out of every three arrives at the age of fifty; this, however, would afford very unsafe data for our calculations: but if, on extending our observations to five hundred thousand or a million, and carrying them a century back, we find, with proper allowances, the same rule apply, we may be entitled to regard it as sufficiently correct for all practical uses. On this score the public need anticipate little danger. Tables of mortality have been constructed with so much care, that events which seem to happen in obedience to no law, are characterized, as a whole, by all the certainty of science. A change in the ratio of mortality may be expected in the future, but it will be one for the better. As the improvements which have taken place in medical science, and the sanitary regulations of towns, have issued in a marked prolongation of human life beyond the average term of two centuries ago, we may expect, from the same cause, a progressive diminution of disease, and increase of longevity. Now this will evidently tend to enlarge the profit of societies, which have been established on the supposition that the existing rate of mortality will continue, and must ultimately result in a lowering of the scale of premiums.

When once an insurance society is based on sound principles, the greater the number of its members the safer and more profitable will it become. Among a few there is no room for the development of the law of compensation, by which a loss in one direction is made up by a gain in another. The wider the range of operations, the more perfect will be the balance between the occurrences of all kinds. If the members of an insurance society did not exceed fifty or a hundred, and dwelt chiefly in the same locality, an epidemic disease might sweep all away in the course of a single year; but if they amounted to five or ten thousand, and were distributed all over the country, the superior healthiness of another neighbourhood might make up for any loss incurred, and render it almost imperceptible.

Though the fundamental principles of every insurance society must be the same, yet considerable variation may be permitted in point of constitution. In this respect, existing companies may be distinguished into three kinds:—The *Proprietary*, the *Mutual*, and those which, partaking of the peculiarities of the two former, may be termed the *Mixed*. On the proprietary system, a number of persons subscribe as shareholders to a common fund, which is invested, as a guarantee to the assured that the amount of every policy shall be duly paid. In return for this guarantee, they appropriate the profits of the entire concern, binding



themselves simply to meet the stipulated demands of the assured as they become due. On the mutual system, no fund whatever exists apart from that which is formed by the premiums of the assured; the latter are themselves the shareholders, upon whom the entire control and responsibility of the institution devolve, and they divide among themselves the aggregate profit or loss. Those societies which are called "mixed," consist of a body of shareholders distinct from the assured, who appropriate, not the whole of the profits, but a certain share; while the rest is divided, in accordance with specified rules, among the insured.

While the entire question of life insurance was an experiment, it was natural that the proprietary form should be preferred, but at the present time a large proportion of existing insurance societies adopt the *mutual* system, and many of these, though presenting as low a scale of premiums as others which rest on a proprietary basis, give every indication of success. The fact is, that the tables of mortality most commonly employed, having been compiled chiefly by gentlemen connected with the business of insurance, err, as it is quite likely they should, on the safe side; and, in addition to this, a considerable allowance is often made, so as to place the stability of an association beyond all doubt. Hence, in the ordinary course of things, very considerable profits may be expected; amply sufficient, as some think, to dispense with the guarantee afforded by the creation of a separate fund, and to render the principle of mutual assurance quite adequate to any exigency which may arise. It is asserted also, that societies on the purely mutual system can boast, not only of having distributed among the assured the largest amount of profits, but of being in possession of the largest accumulated funds. On the other hand, we notice that one society which has adopted a mixed constitution, deems a moderate paid-up fund preferable to the mutual principle, but thinks that "a capital of a quarter of a million of money divided into 25,000 shares of 10*l.* each, will be quite sufficient for every purpose, whether as affecting the efficiency of their operations, or enabling them promptly to meet all their engagements and liabilities."

It does not fall within our province to decide upon the respective merits of these rival systems; but the following facts, which are stated on good authority, will be interesting to our readers, as showing the large profits which well-conducted insurance societies can realize. An office established in the year 1806 has declared, as arising from the profits of forty-four years, 743,000*l.* Another, established in the year 1821, has declared, as arising from the profits of twenty-eight years, 770,000*l.* Another established in 1834, announces as the profits of sixteen years, 207,000*l.*; while three others, established in the years 1823, 1824, and 1825, declared in 1849, as the profits of the five years immediately preceding, sums amounting in the aggregate to 597,000*l.* These profits arise from the proper investment of the deposits of the shareholders, and the premiums paid by the insured. In the use of this money, the directors act just as private individuals possessed of the same amount would act; always aiming to make it bear the highest rate of interest which can be secured

with safety. It is understood that some of the London insurance offices are among the largest purchasers of the encumbered estates of Ireland.

It is astonishing to what a variety of uses an insurance society can be applied. The advantages they offer to persons in every grade of life have only to be understood, to multiply the number of their members a hundred-fold. Its most beneficent application is that which enables a father of a family to provide for his wife and children in the event of his death. To how many cases is such an application appropriate. Take that of a person moving in the higher walks of professional life. He has, perhaps, no private fortune, but secures by his profession an income of 1000*l.* a year. If Providence spared his life, he might in time lay by sufficient to make a permanent provision for his family; but then life is most uncertain, and his premature removal would leave them destitute. By means of a comparatively small annual payment to an insurance office, such a person may insure his relatives at his death, whenever it happens, a sufficient sum to maintain them in comfort. This plan is equally appropriate to those whose income may not amount to more than a tenth of the above. A hundred pounds would place the widow and family of a working man in a position of virtual independence; and yet this may be secured at an outlay, if he begin at one-and-twenty, of about eightpence a week, a sum which might easily be saved by laying aside a single luxury. If it is preferred to have the benefits of insurance during life, with the design of softening the ills of declining age, this may be done by a trifling addition to the annual premium. Should a person be in circumstances which necessitated the borrowing of a sum of money—say 500*l.*, he may provide, by means of the insurance office, for its repayment in case of death, without burdening his relatives, simply by insuring his life to that amount. In the same way, a nobleman whose estates will pass by entail to his eldest son, may secure the payment of large sums of money to the younger or female members of his family, or may provide for the extinction at his death of a mortgage with which his property may be burdened. A creditor may avail himself of life insurance to screen himself from total loss on the death of his debtor. He may feel morally certain that in a few years the latter will be able to repay him; but what will he do in the event of his death? An arrangement, by which the debtor should pay some three per cent. annually upon the amount of his debt into an insurance office, and place the policy in the hands of the creditor, would meet the case.

But the advantages of life insurance are most apparent in connexion with the provision which they enable us to make for the comfort of surviving friends. Providence charges every man with the temporal welfare of those who are bound to him by ties of blood. It is impossible for him to enter into the relation of husband and parent without increasing his responsibility; and, if we exclude the obligation of moral culture, the most important item in his account of duty is that which binds him to secure, in the event of his own decease, the comfort of those he may leave behind. How distressing the thought on a dying bed, that those whom we have been the means of bringing into

existence should be left, through our want of forethought, to the scanty aid of willing but crippled friendship, or turned out as paupers upon the world. In this, as in every other matter, we have no right to calculate upon the help of Providence, unless we first make use of the various means which he has placed within our reach for helping ourselves.

In concluding these remarks, we shall be pardoned for reminding the reader that, as an immortal being, he requires assurance of a higher kind than that which merely guards him from present misfortune. As sinful creatures, we need an assurance of our interest in that blessedness which will endure for ever. Happy is it that he who only can grant us such a boon, is always willing to bestow it on those who seek it in the manner pointed out in the divine word. This assurance may be gained "without money and without price," while the prize insured is no less than eternal life through Christ Jesus.

### CURIOSITIES OF LONDON LIFE.

#### THE TIDE-WAITRESS.

THE "Venus rising from the sea," of the ancient Greek mythology, presents a very different picture to the imagination from that afforded by her modern antithesis, the tide-waitress of London descending into the bed of the Thames to forage for the means of subsistence among the mud and filth of the river.

The tide-waitress has few charms to boast of. Who and what she was originally, it would be difficult to guess. She is not young, and in what scenes her youth was passed, it would be in vain to inquire. Her antecedents are a mystery, the key to which is secreted in her own breast; the romance of her life has passed away with her youth; and whether that were joyous or grievous—you may ask her if you like—but she will not satisfy your curiosity. On the other hand, she is not old; age would shrink aghast from her way of life. An avocation pursued in perpetual contact with the mud and moisture of the river, is no calling for the woman of threescore and upwards, whom poverty has already made familiar with the cramps, and rheums, and rheumatisms, which she finds more than sufficiently plentiful without the trouble of raking them out of the mud.

No; the subject of the present brief sketch is invariably a woman in the prime of life, who has seen the world, and cares little for its conventionalities or its opinions. Driven, by some cause or other—it may be by crime, it may be by want—from the acknowledged and beaten paths of industry, she has turned aside from the current of human activities, and made a property for herself out of the rubbish and the refuse which all the world besides are content to surrender as worthless. Upon this she contrives to make a living, and to keep out of the workhouse, to remain clear of which is the utmost stretch of her ambition. Education she has none, and she never had instruction worthy the name. All her knowledge is to know the time of low water, and the value of the wrecks and waifs which each recurring tide scatters all too scantily over her peculiar domain. Her garb and garniture are in appropriate keeping with her pro-

fession and accomplishments. She is bundled up in rags more plentiful than shapely, and to which the name of dress could hardly be applied. On her head is the ragged relic of an old bonnet, the crown of which is stuffed with a pad; an old hamper is suspended at her side by a leathern strap round the shoulders; and in front she wears an apron, containing a capacious pocket for the reception of articles susceptible of injury in the basket. She cannot indulge in the luxury of stockings, but encases her feet in a pair of cast-off Wellington's, begged for the purpose from some charitable householder, and cut down to the ankle by her own hand for her especial use.

Thus equipped, and armed with a stout stick, she goes forth to her labour so soon as the tide is half run out, and commences her miscellaneous collection amidst the ooze and slime of the river. She walks ankle deep in the mire, and occasionally, omitting to feel her way with the stick, is seen to flounder in up to her knees, when she scrambles out again, and coolly taking off her boots, will rinse them in the stream before proceeding with her work. The wealth which she rescues, half-digested, from the maw of Father Thames, is of a various and rather equivocal description, and consists of more items than we can here specify. We can, however, from actual observation, testify to a portion of them: these are, firewood in very small fragments, with now and then, by way of a prize, a stave of an old cask; broken glass, and bottles either of glass or stone unbroken; bones, principally of drowned animals, washed into skeletons; ropes, and fragments of ropes, which will pick into tow; old iron or lead, or metal of any sort, which may have dropped overboard from passing vessels; and last, but by no means least, coal from the coal barges, which, as they are passing up and down all day long, and all the year round, cannot fail of dropping a pretty generous tribute to the toils of the tide-waitress. Among the coal-owners, however, this nymph of the flood, or the mud, is not in very good odour; they are known to entertain a prejudice against her profession. Her detractors do not scruple to aver that she cannot be trusted in the company of a coal-barge without being seduced by the charms of the black diamonds to fill her basket in a dishonest manner. We are loth to give credit to the accusation; at the same time, we know that it is practically received by the wharungers, who invariably warn her off when she is seen wandering too near a stranded barge.

Besides the materials above mentioned, there is no doubt that she occasionally comes upon a prize of more value. A bottle of wine from a pleasure boat may come now and then; and sometimes a coin or a purse from the same source; at least we have seen such things go overboard, and it is not impossible that the tide-waitress gets them. Some years since one of the sisterhood found one afternoon a packet of tradesman's hand-bills buried in the mud under Waterloo Bridge. A waterman, who could read, advised her to take them forthwith to the owner. She did so, much to the worthy man's astonishment, who imagined that they were then in course of distribution by his two apprentices, who had left the shop in the morning with the avowed object of circulating them to the

number of 3000. The lads came home at night ostensibly wearied out with their day's work. They were astounded at the sight of the packet, which they had not even untied; and the youngest immediately confessed that, tempted by the other, he had joined in making a holiday trip to Gravesend; that they had thrown the bills into the river when off Erith, feeling certain that there was no risk of discovery. It was a lesson they were not likely soon to forget—that the path of dishonesty and deceit is always a thorny one.

This river gleaner is rather a picturesque object when viewed from a good distance. Though her eyes are ever on the soil, and though she is constantly raking and handling it, yet she never stoops, as a stoop would swamp her skirts in the mud; she bends rather in a kind of graceful arch, supported by the stick in one hand. The tide, which proverbially waits for no man, shuts her out of her moist domain with rigorous punctuality, and then she retires to sort her wares and to convert them, in different markets, into the few pence which they may realize.

We feel quite safe in affirming that, little as is to be got by it, the above is the most successful kind of fishing that can be carried on in the present day in the Thames between London Bridge and that of Vauxhall. The times, and the river, too, are altered since fishermen cast their nets in the waters off Westminster, and Londoners ate the fish caught in the shadow of their own dwellings. It is more than a hundred and sixty years ago, that one fine summer's morning, a fisherman who was dragging the water off Lambeth Palace, found his net pinned fast to the bottom by some weighty substance, which seemed very reluctant to move. On lifting it cautiously to the surface, it appeared to be a somewhat lumpy piece of metal, impressed with certain cabalistic signs which the finder, who was guiltless of the arts of reading and writing, was at a loss to comprehend. He pitched it, therefore, into the stern of his little craft, and quietly pursued his avocation till his day's work was accomplished. In the evening, when he had disposed of his fish, his thoughts reverted to the lump of metal in his boat; and he carried it to the house of one of his patrons to ascertain whether or not it might be of value. To the amazement of the gentleman into whose hands it was thus strangely conveyed—and no less to that of the poor fisherman himself—it proved to be the great seal of the realm, which had been missing ever since the flight, in the preceding winter, of the craven and wrong-headed monarch, James the Second. There had been a rigid search made for it in all quarters, and from the evidence of Judge Jefferies, it came out that James, who had always a superstitious kind of veneration for the great seal, which he regarded as a sort of talisman, had been for some time unwilling to trust it out of his sight. He had compelled his chancellor—that blood-thirsty judge—to remove from his noble mansion, and to reside in a chamber in Whitehall, in order that the object of his solicitude might be always near him. On the night of his clandestine flight, he had ordered the great seal and the writs for the new parliament to be brought to his bed-chamber. The writs he threw into the fire, and the great seal he carried off in his hand, and drop-

ped it stealthily into the river opposite Lambeth Palace, as he traversed the space from Whitehall to Vauxhall. Whether he thought by this means to deprive the acts of his successor of the validity of legal sanction, we cannot say: the Prince of Orange managed to do very well without it; and if it had never been fished up to this day, but had been left to form part of the treasures of our present subject, the tide-waitress, and been sold for old metal at a marine-store, we imagine that government would have gone on much the same as it has done.

We have introduced the tide-waitress incidentally into royal company. It is no great matter. We leave our readers, if they choose, to settle the relative respectability of either party. What happened to the fugitive monarch may happen, and we fear is likely to happen, to the poor mud-faring woman. *He* died a pauper, dependent on the bounty of an alien—and *she* has, alas! the workhouse, or which is perhaps more probable, the hospital in perspective, as the consummation of her career.

## IT'S GOOD TO LET WELL ALONE.

A STORY, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

"SHE must like it—she will be sure to like it," said Lawrence Carter to his sister, after a long silence on his part, during which time he had been industriously, patiently, and tastefully training the young, vigorous shoots of a monthly rose over his cottage front. This was his last job for that evening, and the next morning he was going to London to be married: "She won't be able to help liking it, I think, Fanny?" he repeated, interrogatively, as, descending from the short ladder he had been using, and with hammer and bag of nails in hand, he stood on the garden path, looking at his completed work.

"Of course she will, Lawrence; I can't see why you should doubt it. I wish every newly-married couple had as comfortable a home:" and Fanny half sighed, but checked herself. A year before she had had bright visions of such a house for herself; but the black ribbon on her bonnet explained the half-drawn sigh. Lawrence understood it.

"Dear Fanny," said he, "you shouldn't have undertaken this for me, by rights; it brings back your sorrows: it was selfish in me to let you come."

"Oh no, it was not," replied his sister; "and if I have had sorrows, I have had supports too; and 'tis all working together for good, Lawrence; I am quite satisfied of that. And don't think I am envious. Oh, Lawrence, you don't know how much I wish your happiness, and how I hope this great step of yours will make you happy! I long to see Ellen, and call her sister. But come, if you have done outside—and you have trained the rose very prettily, I am sure—you must look at my last stroke within;" and, putting her hand in that of her brother, she led him over the threshold.

Lawrence and Fanny Carter were the only children of a widowed cottage farmer. Fanny, who was three or four years older than her brother, had



lived at home almost all her life, and was the active manager and doer of all the feminine work on her father's small farm. She milked the cows, made the butter, managed the poultry yard, and, twice a week, took the produce to market in the nearest town—a distance of five miles—and thus added materially to the small profits of the farm. Lawrence was a cabinet-maker. His apprenticeship had been passed in that same town; and he had become a clever mechanic. When the term of his apprenticeship expired, he went to London for improvement in some of the more delicate and difficult departments of the trade, and was two years there. Then he returned to his old master, as a journeyman (this was a previous arrangement between them), and, in consequence of his superior skill and thorough steadiness, was assured of constant employment and high wages.

During his residence in London, Lawrence had engaged himself to Ellen Hardham, the sister of a fellow workman; and now—two years having passed since his return to the country—the young couple were about to be married.

Fanny Carter had never seen her sister-in-law that was to be; but she had seen a miniature portrait which Lawrence had had taken before he left London, and kept by him with great care and secrecy; and which, he declared, was an exact likeness of Ellen, only not near so handsome. She had also seen some of Ellen's letters; and from these letters and that portrait, she was quite prepared to believe that Lawrence had made a prudent choice, and to receive with all warmth of affection her new sister. Still, as she said, it was "a great step" that her brother was going to take.

The home which Lawrence had prepared for his bride was a neat little cottage, standing by itself, about a mile from the town. He had made choice of this situation because, in the first place, Ellen had again and again expressed an earnest wish to live in the country; because, in the second place, he preferred it himself, and pleased himself with thinking how he should thereafter enjoy his evenings at home, in such a quiet and pleasant seclusion, after the day's labour in the workshop; because, thirdly, it was a point of economy—the rent of the cottage being less than two rooms would have cost him in the town; and because, fourthly, the cottage he had taken was close by the road leading from the town to the farm, and would, therefore, be a nice convenient resting-place for Fanny on her way to market, and her return from it. And thus, the two sisters, he thought, would be sure to become better acquainted with each other than by any other plan. Besides this, Lawrence would be brought nearer to the old home of his childhood by a mile; and from the cottage to the farm would be a pleasant holiday walk.

There was another reason, too, why the cottage was particularly inviting to Lawrence. At the back of it was a garden, and beyond the garden a small orchard, and beyond that flowed a broad river. Now, Lawrence was a good sculler and oarsman, and was fond of boating: it had been his recreation in boyhood, and he had not lost the skill which he then acquired. As soon, therefore, as he had hired the cottage, he purchased an old skiff, patched it up, painted it, built a boat-house for it at the bottom of the orchard, once a narrow creek,

and pleased himself with thinking of the happy summer evenings he should have on the silent river, when released from work, with Ellen as his companion.

On the evening of which we have written—it was in early summer—Lawrence had held possession of his new home more than a month, and much of his leisure time had been spent in its embellishment. Within the last few days, he had taken in the furniture which, ever since his engagement with Ellen, he had been providing and storing up; and during these few days, Fanny had lived at the cottage, and busied herself in all those preparations for a young wife's first entrance upon her home, that female ingenuity could devise, and sisterly affection suggest.

And when, accompanying his sister into each of the four rooms which his cottage contained, Lawrence looked round upon the new kitchen utensils, yet undimmed by smoke; the parlour carpet, mahogany bookcase, polished furniture, and print-covered couch; the new French bedstead with white dimity curtains, and well-polished chest of drawers; to say nothing of tables, chairs, and other matters of equal importance, and all in such pleasant order—he could not help saying again, more distinctly and decidedly than before, "I am sure she *will* like it, Fanny."

Fanny smiled. She wondered why Lawrence should be so anxious on this point, for who could but like so snug a cottage home? But she did not express her wonder; and when Lawrence suggested that, now their preparations were so far completed, and it was yet early twilight, they should take one row on the river, she readily wrapped her shawl around her, and accompanied him to the river's brink.

An hour or more passed ere they returned to the cottage, for as the sun sank in the west the full moon rose in the east, and the moonbeams played so pleasantly on the water, they had not the heart to leave it sooner. So they sang there the evening hymn as the boat lazily floated down the stream, and the neighbouring cottagers—for there were other houses near—opened, some their doors, and others their windows, to listen to the singing on the river.

A few evenings later, and the London coach stopped at the garden gate of Lawrence Carter's cottage; and Lawrence and his young wife, with sundry boxes and packages, were safely deposited beside it. Fanny was ready to receive them; old Lawrence Carter was there likewise, and an affectionate welcome, we may be sure, was given to the stranger who was thenceforward to be a daughter and a sister.

Yes—Ellen *did* like her new home. If Lawrence had really had any misgivings on this matter, they were completely dispersed by the warm admiration which everything around the cottage, or connected with it, drew forth. The pretty flower garden, through which they had to pass to the door, the monthly roses which hung in clusters over the cottage front, the comfortable aspect of everything within—so tasty and clean and smart, so different from the dingy smokiness of a London home; the garden behind, and the orchard, and the river; the little boat, too, newly patched and painted, and the wonderful little boat-house; all came in for a

share of praise. Yes, Ellen did like her new home. Like! that was too cold a word; she should *love* it, she knew she should.

And her father-in-law, and her sister-in-law, she should love them, too, for their own sakes, as well as for Lawrence's; so kind and pleasant they were: and so glad was Ellen that they lived only four miles off. It would be so nice to "run over" to the farm once or twice every week. Oh, everything was just what Ellen could have wished it, had she had the choosing.

And Lawrence—his eyes glistened with pleasure as Ellen poured out, from the fulness of her heart, these notes of satisfaction. How foolish he was to fancy that she would not like her new home!

There was one little incident which that evening made Lawrence's eyes more than glisten. At the tea-table he took up one of the spoons, new and bright as they had come from the maker, and looked curiously, first into the bowl, and then at the stamp.

"Why, Fanny, this is not the set we bought. These are silver."

"No, Lawrence, it is not the same set; that is safe though, and this you are to ask no questions about."

There was no need; for while Fanny was speaking, her brother was examining the letters on that particular tea-spoon which he held in his hand. Plainly enough they were the initial letters of his own and Ellen's name; but besides those letters were a few faint marks: other letters had been there, not entirely erased. He saw it all; the silver spoons were Fanny's gift: they had been prepared for her own wedded life—that life, once to her expectations so near, and now—

"Dear Fanny! you should not have done this," said Lawrence, in a low and agitated voice; "you would have had a use for them some day yet, and will for all that is past and gone."

"And if I should," said Fanny; "but that is not at all likely, Lawrence; but if I should, you shall give me your plated ones; they will do for me."

We must pass over the further proceedings of that evening, except to mention that a new and neatly-bound family bible, the gift of Lawrence's father, was opened before they parted for the night; and, in the simple language of unlearned cottage piety, the farmer implored for his newly married children, the blessings of "the upper and the nether springs—blessings in soul and in body, in basket and in store."

"Well, Fanny, and what do you think of your new sister?" asked old Mr. Carter, as they walked homewards in the moonlight.

Fanny felt more embarrassed by this question than she liked to acknowledge, even to herself. "It is too soon yet to have formed an opinion, father," she said, at length; "Ellen seems very warm-hearted, I am sure; and she is—perhaps not quite so pretty as I expected from the picture of her, but—"

"Ha, Fanny," said the old farmer, laughing, "you girls are always thinking about your good looks. I did not ask you whether you think Ellen handsome or not, but what do you think of the match?"

"I hope it will turn out well, father, and I do

not see any reason to doubt it; I hope they will be happy—very happy."

"Amen and amen!" replied her father.

More than two years had passed away, for it wanted but a month to Christmas. It was evening, and Ellen was alone in the cottage. Not quite alone, either; for in a cradle near to the fire-side was a sleeping child. By the fire sat Ellen herself, with an open letter before her. To look at her, one would have said that country air had done much for her in the way of health; but there was a certain almost indescribable drawing-down of the corners of her mouth, and a languid fixedness of the eye, which a close observer might have set down to the score of habitual discontent.

The judgment would have been too correct; and, to account for the change, we must take a few hurried steps backwards.

For many weeks after the marriage of Lawrence and Ellen, nothing seemed wanting to complete the happiness of the young bride. The novelty of her position, the comforts of a peaceful home, the devotion of a very fond husband, and the freshness and quiet repose of the country, so striking and inviting to one who had all her life lived in a confined habitation, in a narrow street, in the dusky, populous part of a bustling city; all these things combined in making Ellen thankful for her comforts and mercies. Ellen's discontent, then, how did it arise? Ah! very stealthily had it crept upon her. She herself could never have told when or how it began; and long after it had obtained possession of her mind, and half poisoned her pleasures, she would have denied its existence.

For many weeks, her cup of happiness seemed full. The fine summer weather, the novelty of living in the country, the occasional walks to the farm, the more frequent and the tranquil enjoyments of a row on the river when Lawrence returned from work at six o'clock, the quiet Sunday services in a small place of worship close at hand, together with daily household duties, filled up her time and occupied her thoughts. But it is not summer always, and country life has some inconveniences peculiar to itself. Evening walks were out of the question in wet weather and on dark nights; and as to the boat, that had to be safely housed long before the winter set in. Autumnal fogs are unpleasant anywhere, especially on the water. Then, at Michaelmas, and all through the winter, Lawrence's working hours were altered. He did not leave home so early in the morning, but to make up for this, he had to work by candle-light, and rarely reached home before nine o'clock. Ellen, to be sure, had been aware of this from the first; but when, night after night, she had to spend long dark evenings alone in her cottage, she began heartily to dislike the solitude, and to wish she had some companions to break it. Unhappily, also, in the course of this long winter, a coolness sprang up between herself and Fanny. It originated in a very trifling affair, but it was none the less stubborn and influential for that. So, when the following summer came round again, the frank and free communication between the cottage and the farm was exchanged for ceremonious visits, few and far between; and not even the birth of Ellen's little girl, and the kind and self-denying

attentions of Fanny on that occasion, had restored the warmth and cordiality of first friendship.

Thus, bit by bit, Ellen's love for the country had quite vanished, and she had learned to sigh for old scenes, and the renewal of personal intercourse with old friends. Nay—such inconsistencies there are in human nature—she began to remember with softened, and even with regretful feelings, the very disadvantages of city life from which, so lately, she had rejoiced to escape. In a word, poor Ellen was discontented.

Let us, however, do her justice. Her affection for Lawrence was strong and genuine; and she really wished, in all things, like a good wife, to please him: so, except by constantly throwing out hints that he would be better off in London, she did not for a time show how really discontented she had become. But at length this feeling had burst through all restraints, and, declaring herself to be moped to death, and thoroughly miserable so far away from her own friends, she had extorted from him a promise—a most inconsiderate and unwise one—that if an opportunity should offer of bettering his condition by a removal to London, he would not oppose her wishes. This hasty glance brings us back to the cottage, the winter's evening, the sleeping child, the watching mother, and the open letter.

Presently, a gentle tap was heard at the window; it was Lawrence's signal—his private mark, he used to say—and Ellen hastily rose to unbolt the door and let him in.

"There," said she, as soon as her husband had exchanged dirty shoes for clean dry slippers, and had taken his seat on one side of the bright hearth; "there, Lawrence, read that." And Ellen's eyes were lighted up with pleasure.

The letter contained an offer, through George Hardham, Ellen's brother, of a permanent situation in the large and respectable London house where Carter had worked as an improver. The offer was a safe and liberal one.

"There," repeated Ellen; "now we shall be able to get away from this dreary place."

Lawrence sighed. "I wish it had been more pleasant to you, dear Ellen, as I hoped it would; but as it has not"—and he sighed again.

"Well, Lawrence, you will accept the offer, of course? Shall I write to George to-morrow, to tell him so?"

"Not to-morrow, Ellen; I must think about it, and see my father and Fanny first"—Ellen pouted—"and speak to Mr. Judd about it. I won't behave unhandsonely to him."

Mr. Judd was Lawrence's employer.

"Well, Lawrence, but you promised, you know—"

"And I will keep my promise, dear Ellen; but you must give me time to think."

#### A MARVELLOUS RECOVERY.

IN the old time and in the Holy Land, on the shores of a beautiful lake, stood a straggling village. Some of its houses belonged to farmers and shepherds, and some of them were fishermen's huts. But tall above the rest rose a nobleman's mansion. Its owner was a friend of the

king,\* and often went to the palace. He had one son whom he tenderly loved, and who, we dare say, he hoped would grow up to be a favourite at court, as well as the heir of his own wealth and titles. Like the other boys of Capernaum, no doubt the little noble had often sailed his mimic boat on the edge of Gennesaret, and explored the haunts of the conies and rock-pigeons up among the hills. But he was struck by a mortal sickness. His limbs shook and burned in the fever, and he could hardly lift his head from the pillow. His father got the best advice, but the doctors could do him no good. The great house was already beginning to wear that awe-struck, solemn aspect which a house puts on when it expects a visit from the king of terrors; and when neighbours inquired for the little lord, it was always the same answer, "He is not any better." The father saw him getting worse. Every time that he stole into the dim chamber and stood over the young sufferer, it was a more languid smile which returned his greeting—it was a weaker and hotter little hand he grasped in his. Even the sanguine father ceased to hope, and, as he paced the hushed apartments, the bow and quiver and the other neglected toys of the poor patient began to look like relics. Their owner would never handle them any more.

At this time, however, a wondrous rumour spread rapidly through all the Holy Land. A prophet had appeared, so mighty and so good that many thought him Messiah. Some of the nobleman's neighbours had lately seen him at Jerusalem, and they could tell what prodigies he had wrought, and what heavenly words he had spoken. A thought crossed the anxious parent's mind. Perhaps, like another Elisha, this great prophet could heal his dying child. But, to so great a prophet would it be sufficiently respectful to send a mere messenger? And what if that messenger should linger by the way, or should somehow mismanage the business? Yes, he would go himself. He would take another glimpse of the dear child, and then set out for Cana.

As he posted the thirty miles, through budding vineyards and green fields, many a thought rose in his bosom: a wonder whether this great prophet were indeed the Christ—a wonder if he were still at Cana—a wonder if he could be persuaded to undertake such a distant expedition—a wonder if even this would avail. Still, he felt as if he were carrying in his arms his dying boy, and the burden at his heart was lightning in his feet. Noon was just past, and the villagers were reposing after their mid-day meal, when the pilgrim espied in the valley the peaceful hamlet, the goal of his anxious journey. Its wonderful guest had not yet departed, and without any introduction the agitated father accosted the great Physician: "Sir, come down, and heal my son; for he is at the point of death." Already, with their morbid appetite for the marvellous, some of the Galileans had gathered around him; for Jesus answered, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." The suppliant did not argue the point. Doubtless, he felt the reproach was well-merited; but, with the urgency of agonized affection, he only repeated his prayer,

\* From the reading in the original it would appear that the nobleman had some office at court.



"Sir, come down, ere my son die." There is One who giveth liberally and upbraideth not; and the Man of Sorrows was not the man who would upbraid a breaking heart. With the look of one who wills and it is done, and in a tone of tender assurance, Jesus instantly answered, "Go thy way; thy son liveth." In that sympathizing look the father recognised omnipotence. In that gentle voice he owned the Almighty fiat. And convinced that all was well, the pilgrim resumed the road to Capernaum. The voice of the turtle was heard in the land, and on his homeward way his singing heart re-echoed the music of spring. To the eye of his faith, his son was again in health and gleesome vigour; to the same eye, Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ of God: and, earnest of the new life in his dwelling, he felt a new life in his soul. Nor did he need to wait till next day restored him to his mansion; for here, along the road, come the joyful servants to tell the news already known so well. "Thy son liveth." "Yesterday, at one in the afternoon, the fever left him." Yes, at one in the afternoon, and when the anguish-stricken father had been a day's march distant, interceding with Jesus, the fever vanished. It was not that the patient revived; it was not that his ebbing strength had rallied; it was not that the disease had taken a turn; but it had absolutely gone away. The fever left him, and the lad was well. Oh, happy father! oh, kind and mighty Jesus!

The servants told their master about his son, and now he told them about the Saviour. They had heard much concerning Jesus already, and now in their gladness they believed it all. As Messiah, and as all which he claimed to be, they hailed their wondrous benefactor. It was a believing family. The father believed, and so did his recovered son, and so did these kind-hearted servants. Sickness left the house, and salvation came to it. And, although usually they were "the common people" who heard him most gladly, among the first-fruits of the Saviour's ministry were a Hebrew noble and his family.

Reader, the best thing you can do with sorrow is to carry it to the Saviour; and if you have never yet gone to him, that will be a blessed grief which gives you the first errand to this gracious and omnipotent Friend.

#### A RIVAL TO ELIHU BURRITT.

DR. BAINES (says Miss Mitford) gave me a most amusing account of Cardinal Mezzefante—a man, in all but his marvellous gift of tongues, as simple as an infant. "The last time I was in Rome," said he, "we went together to the Propaganda, and heard speeches delivered in thirty-five or thirty-six languages by converts of various nations. Amongst them were natives of no less than three tribes of Tartars, each talking his own dialect. They did not understand each other, but the cardinal understood them all, and could tell with critical nicety the points in which one jargon differed from the others. We dined together; and I entreated him, having been in the Tower of Babel all the morning, to let us stick to English for the rest of the day. Accordingly, he did stick to English, which he spoke as fluently as we do,

and with the same accuracy, not only of grammar, but of idiom. His only trip was in saying, 'That was before the time when I remember,' instead of 'Before my time.' Once, too, I thought him mistaken in the pronunciation of a word. But when I returned to England," continued Dr. Baines, "I found that my pronunciation was either provincial or old-fashioned, and that I was wrong, and he was right. In the course of the evening his servant brought a Welsh Bible, which had been left for him. 'Ah,' said he, 'this is the very thing! I wanted to learn Welsh!' Then he remembered that it was in all probability not the authorized version. 'Never mind,' he said, 'I don't think it will do me any harm.' Six weeks after, I met the cardinal, and asked him how he got on with his Welsh. 'Oh!' replied he, 'I know it now. I have done with it.'"

#### OLD LETTERS.

Who has ever casually opened a box or a budget of old letters, addressed to one's self, and began to read, without being chained to the spot, perhaps for hours together? The fascinations of those early loved ones, so near and dear, again surround you, and the realities of the past seem more identified with your existence than those of the present. The counsels and chidings, and the affections and encouragements bestowed, from parents and elderly friends, are full of a deep and tender feeling, scarcely realized when they were first received. And then the little items of news, and railery, and the urgent invitations to visit, and sometimes to be present in scenes of interest, remind you of youth, and love, and beauty, which have passed away. Then comes, too, the mention of the death of those whose memory had almost faded from you, one's own charmed circle being as yet unbroken. Sad disasters come back with appalling distinctness, and pestilence rages and spends its force. Mere matters of feeling appeared of deep moment, and you almost smile at the perturbation of the youthful mind, now that you have seen the end of all. The then political news, with the marriages of the day, and the ideas of some about the impropriety of these matters, are before you now as matters of history; and you can hardly conjecture how the world would have gone on without these events. The inventions and discoveries just bruited, the books that were new, the first public appearance of the rising scholar (now a man of science and of letters), bring back "old times" most vividly. Some, whose early efforts and self-denial are spoken of with satisfaction, have led since then a bright career of usefulness, while many an honoured name, then prominent, has disappeared from the list of the living. The loving and the loved are scattered far and wide, and those who thought existence scarcely possible without frequently seeing each other, have not met for years and years, and strangers have taken their places.

**LAZINESS.**—Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

## Anecdotes and Facetie.

**QUID PRO QUO.**—Turner, the painter, was a ready wit. Once, at a dinner where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters and glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British *paper-stainers*.

**THE DUKE AND THE HACKNEY-COACHMAN.**—The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, when in New York, went one evening in a hackney-coach to a party, and the next day was called upon by the driver for his fare, who asked the Duke whether he was the *man* he had driven the night before; and, on being answered in the affirmative, informed him that "*he was the gentleman that drove him,*" and that he had come for his half-dollar.

**A GREENLAND FAMILY.**—Captain Graah, on inquiring how many children a Greenland possessed, was answered "four." His wife, however, contradicted him, declaring that there were "five;" nor could they agree about the matter till they counted them on their fingers, the only arithmetical powers of which they had any knowledge. Their names were, in English, Lamp-soot, Round-knife, Child's-jacket, Blubber, and Old.

**BOOK AUCTIONS** were by no means common during the seventeenth century. They became fashionable at its close, and the death of Dr. Francis Bernard, who was an eminent physician, made them important. His library was sold in 1698, and produced no less a sum than 1600*l*. Upon this occasion, a well-known collector of books being recognised in the crowd which attended the sale, was appealed to by the auctioneer, "*Arch*" Millington, as he was called, who remarked that there was an important observation written in the volume he was about to sell, in Dr. Bernard's own hand. The consequence of this intimation produced a spirit of rivalry among the bidders; but when the book was knocked down at a high price, the purchaser read, to his astonishment—"I have perused this book, and it is not worth a farthing."

**BOYHOOD OF CAPTAIN COOK.**—The discoveries of the English circumnavigator were owing to a particularly marked shilling. Young Cook was a native of Yorkshire, and served as apprentice to a merchant and shopkeeper in a large fishing town in that county. Some money had been missed from the till, and, to detect the delinquent, a very curiously marked shilling was mixed with the silver, which was accurately counted. On examining the till shortly after, this peculiar shilling was missing, and Cook was taxed with having taken it out; this he instantly acknowledged, stating that its peculiarity had caught his eye, but affirmed, at the same time, that he had put another of his own in its place. The money was accordingly counted over again, and found to agree exactly with his statement. Although the family was highly respectable, and therefore capable of advancing him in his future prospects, and also much attached to him, and very kind, yet the high spirit of the boy could not brook remaining in a situation where he had been suspected; he therefore ran away, and, having no other resource, entered as a cabin-boy in a collier.

**BEAUTIES OF STYLE.**—At the commencement of the sporting season, in 1821, the following important information was exhibited at Lord Camden's seat, the Hermitage, near Sevenoaks:—"This is to give notice, that Lord Camden does not mean to shoot himself or any of his tenants till the 14th of September."

**HOW TO ENJOY A VENISON FEAST.**—At a venison feast, Sir Joshua Reynolds addressed his conversation to one of the company who sat next to him, but, to his great surprise, could not get a single word in answer, until at length his silent neighbour, turning to him, said, "Sir Joshua, whenever you are at a venison feast, I advise you not to speak during dinner time, as in endeavouring to answer your questions, I have just swallowed a fine piece of fat without tasting its flavour."

**SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.**—In Coleridge's time, the discipline at Christ's Hospital was ultra-Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" Coleridge remembered Bower saying to him once, when he was crying the first day after his return from the holidays. "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying."

**CURE AND KILL.**—The late Lord Gardestone, himself a valetudinarian, took the pains to inquire for those persons who had actually attested marvellous cures, and found that more than two-thirds of the number died very shortly after they had been cured. Sir Robert Walpole, Lords Bolingbroke and Winnington were killed by curemongers.

**DRESS AND MERIT.**—Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that, on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."

**ORIGIN OF REFLECTING LIGHTHOUSES.**—In the last century, at a meeting of a society of mathematicians at Liverpool, one of the members proposed to lay a wager, that he would read a paragraph of a newspaper, at ten yards' distance, with the light of a farthing candle. The wager was laid, and the proposer, having covered the inside of a wooden dish with pieces of looking-glass, fastened in with glazier's putty, placed his reflector behind the candle, and won his wager. One of the company marked this experiment with a philosophic eye. This was Captain Hutchinson, the dockmaster, with whom originated the first reflecting lighthouse, erected at Liverpool in 1763.

**ADDISON.**—Addison and Mr. Temple Stanyan were very intimate. In the familiar conversations which passed between them, they were accustomed freely to dispute each other's opinions. Upon some occasion Mr. Addison lent Mr. Stanyan five hundred pounds. After this Mr. Stanyan behaved with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This gave great uneasiness to Mr. Addison. One day they happened to fall upon a subject on which Mr. Stanyan had always been used strenuously to oppose his opinion. But even upon this occasion he gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Mr. Addison so much, that he said to Mr. Stanyan, "Either contradict me or pay me the money."